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JOSEPH K

AND HIS

BRETHREN.

A

SACRED DRAMA.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

PHARAOH, King of Egypt.

JOSEPH, an Hebrew.

REUBEN,

SIMEON,

JUDAH,

BENJAMIN,

} Brethren to Joseph.

POTIPHRA, High-Priest of On.

PHANOR, Chief Butler to Pharaoh, afterwards Joseph's Steward.

ASENATH, Daughter to the High-Priest.

Chorus of Egyptians, Hebrews, &c.

SCENE, MEMPHIS.

PART I. SCENE I.

SCENE, a Prison.

Joseph reclining in a melancholy Posture.

A I R.

BE firm, my soul, nor faint beneath
Affliction's galling chains;

When crown'd with conscious virtue's wreath,
The shackled captive reigns. *[Starting up.]*

Jos. But wherefore thus; whence, Heav'n, these
bitter bonds?

Are these the just rewards of stubborn virtue?

—Down, down, proud heart,

Nor blindly question the behest of Heaven!

These chastisements are just—for some wise end

Are all the partial ills allotted man.

A I R repeated.

Be firm, my soul, nor faint beneath

Affliction's galling chains;

When crown'd with conscious virtue's wreath,

The shackled captive reigns.

SCENE II.

To Joseph, Phanor.

Phan. Joseph, thy fame has reach'd great Pha-
raoh's ear;

Who late in dreams perturb'd, and taught by me

The wond'rous power of thy experienc'd art,
Demands thy instant presence, to unfold
Their mystick purport.

Jos. Bless'd vicissitude!

Jehovah, whom I serve, bears witness to me;
And from the horrors of the pit, once more,
Will deign deliverance to his servant's soul.

A I R.

Come, divine Inspirer, come,

Make my humble breast thy home,

Draw the curtain from mine eye,

And present place futurity.

Thus, whilst I o'er Pharaoh's dream,

Bright int'repretation beam,

Pharaoh's self shall temples raise,

And Egypt in cease to thy praise. *[Da capo.]*

Phan. Pardon that I so long forgot thee, Joseph;
My heart upbraids me with ingratitude.

Jos. Pardon thyself—Ingratitudes a vice
That bears it's scorpions with it—the dire mildew
Which makes a desert of the human mind,
And merits more of pity than resentment—
But instant I'll with dutious step attend
My lord the king, and bow myself before him.

[Exit Jos.]

SCENE III.

Phan. Fell monster! base Ingratitude, avast!
No longer in this breast I'll give thee harbour.

A R R A

Ingratitude! the queen of crimes,
For all the misanthropic train;
Her face is set to walk the world,
The great supporters of her reign;
If one you then in grateful gall,
You crown him monarch of them all.

SCENE IV. A Room in Pharaoh's Palace.

Pharaoh, High Priest of Os, Afenath, Chorus of Egyptians, &c.

Phar. Thus, stranger, I have laid my troubled thoughts,

The midnight visions of my bed before thee,
Which all the realm of Egypt can't unfold—
Come then, interpret to the king his dreams.

Jos. O mighty Pharaoh! it is not in me;
Interpretation does belong to Heav'n:
And may the Lord Jehovah give the king
A gracious answer.

Chorus of Egyptians.

O God of Joseph, gracious shed
Thy spirit on thy servant's head;
That to the king he may reveal
The truths his mystick dreams conceal.

RECITATIVE accompanied.

Jos. Pharaoh, thy dreams are one—the Lord Jehovah!

In visions shews what he's about to do.
The seven fat cattle, and full ears of corn,
Denote seven years of plenty—The like seven
Of meagre kind, and un replenish'd grain,
Mark the same years of famine to succeed.
Embrace this warning, and with studious search
Look out a man of Providence and wisdom,
To gather up in the redundant years,
A store for comfort in the days of dearth.
Phar. Divine interpreter! what oracle
Could thus have solv'd my doubts;—where can we find

A man like thee, in whom God's spirit dwells?
Be this day ruler o'er my house and people,
And by thy word let all the land be govern'd;
But only in the throne will I be greater.

Jos. These are thy workings, infinite Jehovah!

A I R.

Afen. [Aside.] O lovely youth, with wisdom crown'd

Where every charm has place!
What breast so firm was ever found,
As could resist such grace?
If thou hast stol'n my virgin heart,
To me in change thy own impart.

Phar. [Putting his ring on Joseph's finger.]
Wear, worthy man! this royal signet wear,
Pledge of thy boundless dignity and power;
Whilst in our second chariot thou shalt ride,
And heralds cry before thee, Bow the knee:
Then henceforth, as the saviour of the world,
Let Zaphnath-Paneah be thy name.

CHORUS.

Joyful sounds! melodious strains!
Health to Egypt is the theme!
Zaphnath rules and Pharaoh reigns—
Happy nation! bliss supreme! [Exeunt.]

SCENE V.

Afenath alone.

Whence this unwanted ardour in my breast?
These new-born sighs—'Tis true that he is wise—
Majestick—graceful—Ah! I fear this stranger
Has trespass'd on my unsuspecting bosom.

I feel a spreading flame within my veins,
Which all my words with most awful emphasis;
Which make me feel from place to place a range,
No bill, nor place, given refuge to my pains.

Jos. Fair Afenath, I beg, I beg, I beg,
I've ask'd thee of thy father and the king, to
To help allay the anxious toils of grandeur,
And smooth the rugged brow of public care;
Yet, authoris'd by both, I dread my fate;
Till thy own voice has fixed my destiny.

SCENE VI. A Room in the Palace.

To them Pharaoh and Potiphara.

Phar. Zaphnath, I grant thy suit—Behold thy bride!

Potiph. Approach, my Afenath—behold thy husband!

RECITATIVE AND DANCE.

Jos. O! canst thou, fair perfection, say?

O! canst thou bless me with thy love?

Afen. My father's will I must obey,

My monarch's pleasure must approve.

Jos. Cestial virgin!

Afen. Godlike youth!

Both. Renown'd for innocence and truth;

Propitious Heav'n has thus in thee,

Completed my felicity.

Jos. Now, Potiphara, instant to the temple
In joyous pomp, and whilst the rite's perform'd,
Let our loud clarions tell to the skies. [Exeunt.]

A grand March during the Procession.

SCENE VII. A Temple.

The High Priest joining the Hands of Joseph and Afe-
nath at the Altar; Pharaoh, Attendants, and
Chorus of Egyptians.

High Priest. 'Tis done—the sacred knot is ty'd,
Which death alone can e'er divide.

A I R.

Pow'rful guardians of all nature,
O preserve their faithful love!
Bless each graceful blooming feature;
Virtue sure hath charms to move.

Da capo.

CHORUS.

Immortal pleasures crown the pair,
Who thus by Heav'n high-favour'd are,
Joys ever round them wait;
May those below, like those above,
Contend who most and longest love,
And be as blest as great.

Phar. Glorious and happy is thy lot, O Zaphnath,
Join'd to such sweetness, dignity, and virtue.

A I R.

Since the race of time begun,
Since the birth-day of the sun,
Ne'er was so much wisdom found,
With such matchless lustre crown'd.

CHORUS.

Swift our numbers, swiftly roll,
Waste the news from pole to pole;
Afenath with Zaphnath join'd,
Joy and peace to all mankind.

PART II. SCENE I.

Afenath, Pharaoh, and Chorus of Egyptians.

CHORUS.

Hail, thou youth, by Heav'n below'd!
Now thy wondrous wisdom's provid'
Zaphnath Egypt's fate foretold;
And snatch'd her from the famine's jaw.

Phan. How vast a throne has Egypt for applause!
O Aegyptus! behold thy mighty monarch's state!
High on his golden throne, amidst his glorious state,
Whilst millions on his throne, amidst his glorious state,
Obtrude his effluence through the streets of Memphis.
The raptur'd virgins hail him in their lays,
And gazing matrons lift their grateful hands,
Whilst hoary sages rise, and bow their head,
And infants hail articulate his name.

Asen. These honours flow not from the flatterer's
lips, but from the word of truth, and honest
Like those that lavish stream in fortune's lap;
But from sincere benevolence, and love;
And bosoms glowing with a grateful transport.

A I R.

Phan. Our fruits, while yet in blossom, die,
Our harvests in the new-sown seed;
Barren the mournful ridges lie,
Undeck'd the once enamell'd mead.
But Zaphnath's providential care
Retaliates for the niggard soil;
Through him in dearth we plenty share,
Nor heed th' inexorable Nile.

He's Egypt's common parent, gives her bread;
He's Egypt's only safety, only hope;
Whilst Egypt's welfare is his only care.

C H O R U S.

Bless'd be the man by pow'r unchain'd,
Virtue there itself rewarding!
Bless'd be the man to wealth unchain'd,
Treasure for the publick hoarding!
Asen. Phanor, we mention not his highest glory;
Mark midst his grandeur what humility,
The gift of that great God whom he adores.
Yet something seems of late to bear upon him,
And cloud his wonted smile: not all his splendor
Th' applause of millions, or my studious love,
Can yield him comfort, or assuage his grief.

Phan. Perchance he wants to view his native
land,

Whose God and laws are the reverse of Egypt's.

Asen. Phanor, 'tis true, he calls it oft to mind,
And oft in silence sighs, and mourns his absence;
Nor finds he peace, save when his smiling infants,
The pledges of our love, are in his arms:
There will he grasp them—there, with ardent look,
He eyes them—while, from 'midst his struggling
sighs,

Words burst like these—

A I R.

Together, lovely innocents, grow up,
Link'd in eternal chain of brother-love;
For you mayn't Envy bear her pois'nous cup,
Nor Hate her unrelenting armour prove.

He then is silent, then again exclaims—
Inhuman brethren! O unhappy father!
What anguish too much love for me has cost thee!
Such are his cares, nor have I yet discover'd
The fatal cause—But once more I'll attempt it.

[Exeunt severally.]

S C E N E II.

Simeon in Prison.

RECITATIVE accompanied.

Where are these brethren—Why this base delay!
To let me languish a whole year in dungeons!
But are not brethren base? O Joseph! Joseph!
That thought is hell—remembrance scorches with
it!

But was it I alone?—O no!—then Heaven's
Has been as 'comp' perchance with my confederate,
Whilst the wild beast, false-tax'd with Joseph's death,
Has met 'em on the way, and taken his vengeance.

Remorse, confusion, horror, fear,
Ye vultures of the sky, devour him!
Now surge! now the seas, you here,
Whirl him down, whirl him down!

S C E N E III.

Phan. This Hebrew prisoner—
Jos. Hither bring him, Phanor. [Exit Phan.]
The wide circumference of Egypt's regions,
The vast extent between the Nile and ocean
Given me to rule, is slavery, not an honour;
Not rest, but travel—

A I R.

The peasant tastes the sweets of life,
Unwounded by it's cares;
No courtly craft, no publick strife,
His humble soul insures.
But grandeur's bulky nois' joys
No true contentment give;
Whilst fancy craves, possession cloy,
We die thus whilst we live.

But Simeon comes, treach' your blood-thirsty brother!
Fain wouldst thou had my life! 'Cruel! but hold—
I'll touch thee not—

But I will speak such daggers to thy soul!—

S C E N E IV.

To Joseph, Simeon.

Sim. I tremble at his presence.

Jos. Thou impostor!
Com'st thou before me, but to dare my fury?
Where are thy brethren—brother-traitors? Ha!
Thou shalt pay the forfeit of their guilt.

Sim. My gracious lord,
Our testimony's true—By famine driven,
We hither fled for succour—we're twelve brethren,
Sons of one father, in the land of Canaan.
Ten thou hast seen, and one is not; the youngest
Was to the care of his old father left.

Jos. The sight of him might dissipate my doubts—
But where's your promise?—Why is he not come?

Sim. Paternal love, my lord, alone detains him.
What anguish must it give the good old Sire,
To have this only hope torn from his bosom,
The prop and comfort of his fallen years?
How would it shake his poor old tott'ring frame!
How wring his bleeding heart!

Jos. Peace, nature, peace! [Aside.]

Sim. Grief for the loss of his beloved Joseph,
Already reigns too cruel in his heart;
No sun or sets, or rises on the earth,
That doth not find, and leave him too in tears.

Jos. [Aside.] Great God, sustain my fortitude!
[To Sim.] This Joseph,
How did he?

Sim. A wild-beast, my lord, devour'd him.

Jos. Devour'd by a wild beast! Have, have a care!
Didst thou then see his bleeding arteries?
His mangled limbs? Now, by the life of Pharaoh,
I spy some treachery—There are men on earth
More cruel, Simeon, than the wildest beast.

Sim. Dreadful discourse! [Aside.]

Jos. He trembles! [Aside.]

Sim. Thy suspicion—

Jos.—Is just—know you not yet I can divine,
And view the dark recesses of the soul?
In vain from me you'd hide the truth, impostor!
[Exit Joseph.]

A I R.

Sim. Impostor! Ah! my soul's offence,
Wrote in my face,
O ere disgrace!
Admits, admits of no defence.

JOSEPH AND HIS BRETHERN.

Tho' treach'rous hearts from mortal fight
May veil a while
Their impious guile,
Heav'n sees, and brings dark deeds to light.

Exit.
Joseph, Afenath.

Jos. Whence, Afenath, this grief that hangs
upon thee.

And like a morning mist, which hovers o'er
The violet's bed, bedews thy lovely cheeks?

Afen. Life of my life, and source of all my bliss,

It is but to resemble thee the more.

When Zaphnath sighs can Afenath be gay?

Can Afenath enjoy, when Zaphnath suffers?

A I R.

The silver stream, that all its way
Transparent to the ocean flows,
Mix'd with the turbid surges grows
As ruffled and impure as they.

Thus glided I through life serene,

But now dire griefs my breast inflame,

My mingling bosom shares the same,

And I, like thee, am wretched seen. *Da capo.*

RECITATIVE.

Tell me, O tell me thy heart's malady,

That I may steal it from thee if I can.

Jos. A slight disorder—public cares—

Enter Phanor.

Phan. My lord,

The long-expected strangers are arriv'd,
And with them comes a youth of matchless beauty.

Jos. [*Aside.*] My Benjamin! Thanks heav'n.

Straight make them enter. [*To Phan.*

My love, retire a while:—soon thou shalt know

The business of my heart—permit me only
Some moments more.

Afen. Your will, my lord, is mine. [*Exit.*

SCENE VI.

Phanor and Joseph's Brethren.

Phan. Fear not—peace be unto you—'twas your
God,

That gave you treasure in your sacks, for me
I had your money, and declare you guiltless;
Nor think that Zaphnath bears so base a soul
As to condemn you wrongfully—nor one
So cruel to refuse you farther succour.

Judab. Thy gracious words revive my drooping
spirits:

And kindly hope of being guiltless thought
Glow in my heart, and kindles life anew.

A I R.

To keep afar from all offence

And conscious of it's innocence,

Is not enough for the defence

Of an unspotted heart.

A light suspicion oftentimes

Of uncommitted, unthought crimes,

It's purity with slander limes,

And gives it the delinquent's part.

CHORUS of the Brethren.

Thus one with ev'ry virtue crown'd,

For ev'ry vice may be renown'd.

SCENE VII.

To them Joseph, and Attendants.

Reuben. Once more, O pious Zaphnath! at thy
feet

We pay due homage, and implore thy succour.

Judab. Our reverend Sire intreats thee to accept
A humble off'ring of our country's fruits;

Not such as with thy grandeur suits, but what

Our present wretched state hath left—O Zaphnath!

Our fields lie desolate, and cover'd o'er

With naught but horror, barrenness and drought,
Menacing the distress'd inhabitant
With death inevitable, whose pale herald
Sits on his pining cheeks—O pity, pity!
Our good old father soon for pity from thee;
For pity we implore thee, and for pity
Our youngest brother lowly bows to thee,
Thy bounteous hand.

Benj. This life, my gracious lord,
Comes wash'd with tears—O save my country, save
My dear father—and may Abraham's God
For ever save my lord.

Jos. [*Aside.*] How his discourse

Melts down my soul—Rise—is your father well?

[*Aside.*] I had almost said mine—The good old man
Of whom ye spake—say, is he living still?

Judab. My lord, thy servant lives, and lives in
health.

Jos. And this his youngest son?

Benj. It is, my lord;

My name is Benjamin.

Jos. Let me embrace thee—

And may that God, my son, whom thou invoc'st
Watch o'er, and ever shed his blessings on thee!

A I R.

Benj. Thou deign'st to call thy servant, son,

And O, methinks, my lord, I see,

With an amazing semblance shown,

My father's image stamp'd on thee:

Thee, therefore, would I father call;

But the similitude of face

Is not enough—the soul is all—

O may his soul thy bosom grace!

Jos. [*Aside.*] Sweet innocence! divine simplicity!

Tears, by your leave—[*To Servants.*] Attend, pre-
pare our table—

—Instant—These men shall eat with me to-day.

Benj. Let not thy mercy linger—grief and famine
Oppress our aged father—ought delay

May fatal prove—We left him desolate.

Jos. [*Weeping.*] Nature will through the re-
velling anguish and joy

Jointly demand my tears.

[*Exeunt Jos. Phan. and Attendants.*

Reuben. Didst thou observe him, Judah?—mark
his looks!

Judab. I did—canst thou interpret them?

Reuben. I cannot.

Profound and inaccessible, O Judah,

Are all the inward movements of the great,

And never by the countenance are known.

Judab. May great Jehovah turn his heart to pity

CHORUS.

O God, who in thy heav'nly hand

Dost hold the hearts of mighty kings,

O take thy Jacob, and his land,

Beneath the shadow of thy wings.

Thou know'st our wants before our prayer,

Then let us not confounded be!

Thy tender mercies let us share,

O Lord, we trust alone in thee!

PART III. SCENE I.

Afenath, Phanor.

Afen. WHAT say'st thou, Phanor! prove the
strangers then

Such base ingrates? Bore off the silver cups,

That's sacred to my lord's peculiar use!

JOSEPH AND HIS BRETHREN.

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Phar. They may—but shall not long enjoy their rapine.

Phar. The wanton favours of the great,
Are like the feather'd seed when sown;
A grateful harvest they create
Where'er on gen'rous acres thrown.
But, if as, O! too oft, they fall,
Where weeds and briars the soil profane;
Or lost, they bear no fruit at all,
O, bounteous, yield a worthless grain.

SCENE II.

To them Joseph.

Asen. Whence do disturb'd, my lord—let not the crime

Of others be imputed on thyself.

Jos. My sorrows have a deeper, deadlier root.

O Asenath, my dear old father lives,

Still lives, but incomfortable and wretched.

Asen. Whence springs his misery?

Jos. From this cruel famine.

Asen. Call them into Egypt!—Whence, my lord,

This criminal delay?

Jos. I fear the king—

Fear Egypt too.

Asen. Such fears are but ungen'rous;

You've all the hearts of Pharaoh and his people.

A I R.

Jos. The people's favour, and the smiles of pow'r
Are no more than the sun-shine of an hour;
There envy, with her snakes, affails,
Here dank'ring slander still prevails,
Till love begins to wain;

Oblivion then involu't all

Our merits past, and straight our fall

Is sty'd the publick gain.

Da capo.

Asen. Art thou not Zaphnath? is not Egypt

fav'd

[port

All thy own work? and won't her sons with transf-

Give a new life to him who gave thee life?

Instant to the king, and supplicate,

With laud for bounties past, this farther boon.

A I R.

Prophetick raptures swell my breast,

And whisper we shall still be blest'd;

That this black gloom shall break away,

And leave more heavenly bright the day.

Da capo. [Exit Asen.

Jos. They come—and indignation in their looks.

My bosom beats with an unusual pulse.

SCENE III.

To Joseph, Pharor, with the Brethren in Chains.

Sim. Whence this vile treatment! these injurious chains?

For what transgression are we shackled thus,
Like thieves and traitors?

Phar. That's like what ye are.

You've stol'n the sacred cup that's set apart

For my Lord's use—

Why have ye thus rewarded ill for good? [Exit.

Sim. Imposture!—Fury!—If the sacred vessel

Found with us, rain vengeance on our heads.

Jos. Straight we shall see—and then let the de-

linquent

None receive the wages of his guilt.

SCENE IV.

To them Pharor.

Phar. At length the cup is found.

Jos. Where?

Phar. There, my lord, amidst thy gen'rous presents—
Benjamin had it.

Jos. Benjamin!

Benj. I had it!

Phar. Behold his sack, and in it view the theft.

Benj. Am I a robber? Alas! me, righteous Heav'n!

Jos. Seize him.

Benj. O Heav'n! thou know'st my innocence!

Jos. No more—

Leave him alone to suffer.—As for you,

Go, get you up in peace unto your father.

RECITATIVE accompanied.

Benj. What! without me? Ah! how return in

peace!

What can you say? What comfort can you yield

To the distracted parent? O unhappy!

Unhappy Benjamin! Then at thy birth

Gav'st death unto thy mother—and now a king

Thou likewise tak'st thy tender father's life.

A R I O S O.

Benj. O Pity—

Jos. [Aside.]—Ah! I must not hear.

Benj. Not to myself.

Jos. [Aside.]—Be blind, my eyes,

Benj. My sinking father!

Jos. [Aside.]—Tearful tear!

Benj. O pity him!

Jos. [Aside.]—Be still, ye sighs.

A I R.

Benj. Remember, at the first embrace

You call'd me son—O view this face!

I still as much deserve the name;

Thy heart alone is not the same.

Jos. To prison with him.

Sim. Oh illustrious Zaphnath,

Give room to pity; thou who ruled kingdoms,

Rule, to thy greater glory, thy own spirit;

Or to our father render back the youth,

Or death to us.

Jos. [Roughly.] On whom the cup was found,

him I retain. [Exit.

Sim. What, gone! not hear us!

Judab.—Yet methought I saw

Some marks of pity on his face.—

Sim. What pity!

RECITATIVE accompanied.

The man who flies the wretched, nor will hear them,

For fear of yielding to their piercing cries,

Has only pity for himself.

RECITATIVE accompanied.

Judab. Peace, Simeon;

Remember Dothan's fields, the horrid pit!

And Joseph's cries!—Were we not deaf to them?

Then we'd not hear—and now we are not heard.

Reuben. What counsel can we take?—If we return,

Our Father dies with grief!—If here we stay,

With famine—Death is either way his lot—

And black despair is ours—

RECITATIVE accompanied.

Sim. O gracious God,

We merit well this scourge, but thou art He,

Whole property is ever to have mercy.

CHORUS of the Brethren.

Eternal Monarch of the sky,

Our cruel crime thou didst descry,

O! with the same all-piercing eye

Our melting penitence observe.

Thou, the beginning and the end!

Creator! Father! Guardian! Friend!

Returning prodigals attend;

And grant us aid we don't deserve.

6 JOSEPH AND HIS BRETHREN:

Sim. But peace, Zaphnath returns—

SCENE V.

To them Joseph.

Jos. How! not departed!

Ye insolent! away! What foolish hope?

Judah. Though fear, my lord, and anguish
Have nigh lock'd up our lips, yet would I crave
To offer one word more—and O! my lord,
Let not thine anger burn against thy servant.
When drove by dire necessity to wrest
From the reluctant bosom of our father,
(Ah! with what force! but such was thy command)
His youngest, dearest son, his heart's first joy!
He weeping, thus bespake us—Well you know,
This child's the pomp and succour of my age,
The only relick of my Rachel's bed;
Joseph, alas! my much lamented Joseph,
In a sad hour went out, and fell a prey,
As oft you've told me, to the tiger's rage;
If then you tear this also from my arms,
And mischief shall befall him—my grey hairs
Ye will bring down with sorrow to the grave.

Jos. [*Aside.*] My soul itself now weeps.

A I R.

Sim. Thou hadst, my lord,
A father once—perhaps hast now—O feel,
Feel then for us—as thou didst love thy own,
O pity ours—Feel then our anguish, feel.
Give, give him up the lad
In whom his life is bound—
O let me suffer

Whatever punishment is doom'd for him;
He is too young for slavery or stripes;
Labour and years have render'd me more hardy.

RECITATIVE accompanied.

Lay all on me, imprisonment, chains, scourges,
All, all I can endure—but to my father,
To be the messenger of death I cannot.

Jos. [*Aside.*] I can no longer—Phanor, bring
the youth—

[*Exit Phanor, and returns with Benjamin.*
Far off, ye guards and servants—from my presence
Let ev'ry man depart—[*To the Brethren.*] Know, I
am Joseph.

Doth my dear father live? I am your brother;
Your long lost brother—I am Joseph.

The Brethren. Joseph!

Sim. O Heav'n!

Judah. Joseph!

Sim. Wretched we!

Jos. Arise!

And banish fear—My Benjamin, come hither;
And let me press thee to my yearning bosom.
Brethren, receive and give a kind embrace.

Jos. [*To Benj.*] Forgive this harmless stratagem.

[*To the Brethren.*] And ye,
Pardon my groundless jealousy—I fear'd
You now to Benjamin might prove perfidious,
As erst to me—but I have try'd your faith.

Sim. O Joseph!

Just, yet mysterious, are the ways of Heav'n.

SCENE the Last.

To them Asenath.

Asen.—Whilst the Nile and Memphis,
To him and his are destin'd for a country;
Thus Pharaoh has ordain'd—[*To Jos.*] Now, my
dear lord,
Cast sorrow from thy breast.

Jos. And thou, my fair,
Disclaim thy doubts, and no more breathe suspicion.

Asen. Trust me, O Zaphnath, 'twas the breath
of love.

Jos. Mine too, O Asenath, was still the same.

DUETTO.

Asen. What's sweeter than the new-blown rose,
Or breezes from the new-mown clove?
What's sweeter than an April morn,
Or May-day's silver fragrant thorn?
What than Arabia's spicy grove—
—O sweeter far the breath of love.

Jos. With songs of ardent gratitude and praise,
Let us approach the high Eternal's throne,
The fountain of all joy, all peace, all honour.

A N T H E M.

We will rejoice in thy salvation, and triumph in
the name of the Lord our God. Hallelujah!

